Mistletoe and Monopoly

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28276962.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Father, Uncle Robertus, Lady Murasaki, Chiyoh (Hannibal), Dog's
Additional Tags:	Christmas Fluff, Time Travel Fix-It, Established Relationship, Husbands, Adorable, so in love, Alternate Universe - Time Travel, Will is 22 and Hannibal is 32, Married Couple, Everything is Beautiful and Nothing Hurts, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is Whipped, Holiday Season, Domestic Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of For you, for us, our life.
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-24 Words: 8,202 Chapters: 1/1

Mistletoe and Monopoly

by Celinesits

Summary

CAN BE READ AS A STANDALONE

It's 1999 and Hannibal and Will have a pre-Christmas at the cabin with their dogs, before Christmas and New Years at Lecter Castle. They are sugary sweet, and adorably in love.

This is an outtake of Chapter Nine- (Part Two: My Everything) BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ THE OTHER PARTS TO ENJOY THE STORY.

Hannibal may seem ooc here BUT if you read Part 1/Part 2- you'll understand him better (but it's not necessary).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

‘Max!’ Will cried out. ‘Bring that back please?’

Max, their big Berner had bounded off with a string Christmas ornament in his mouth. Will tried to leap in front of him, but he thought it was a game and sidestepped, shooting past into the kitchen. Lady, their little King Charles Cocker Spaniel, barked excitedly wanting to join in the fun.

Hannibal secured the small fresh Christmas tree in the base as Lady picked up his scarf from the sofa and ran off with it.

‘Lady,’ he said sharply, and he could have sworn he saw her smirk at him. She never shredded any of the items, but he wasn’t looking forward to her drool all over his cashmere scarf.

‘Lady,’ he heard Will admonish. ‘Give that back. You know that’s Papa’s. Come on.’

Will returned to the sitting room holding a damp scarf and a drooled-on Christmas ornament.

‘I’ll wash it,’ he said pecking Hannibal a kiss on the cheek. ‘It looks good.’ He was looking at the tree.

They had arrived at their cabin by the lake yesterday, picking up a fresh tree on the way. They were only staying there a week but thought it would be a lovely new tradition to have a mini-Christmas, just them, before going abroad to see Hannibal’s family.

This would be the fifth year Will, and his dad would travel with Hannibal for the holidays to spend it all together. He and Will had been married four years, and it had flown past in a blur of happiness.

Will sifted through the box of ornaments they had brought with them, picking out his favourites and laying them on the table. The Disney Park one, the one from Las Vegas when they got married, the one from Stanford University, the one from their Honeymoon in Antigua, their first Christmas with the entire family in Paris, one from their road trip through San Francisco and Utah, the first time they went skiing…

‘We should get one from the Christmas Market.’

‘Yes,’ Hannibal said switching on the radio to the Christmas station, whistling along to *‘Dean Martins, Let it Snow! Let it Snow!’.*

He handed Will a matching Christmas sweater that said, ‘Mr and Mr’ and Will pulled it over his head with a grin. Hannibal’s was green, and Will’s was red. Will’s father had given it to them for their first Christmas and expected at least one photo of them in it every year.

‘Here.’ Hannibal took the box from Will and put it on the floor as Will kneeled next to him. They spent half an hour decorating the tree, and Will threw on some silver angel lametta once they were done.

Hannibal strung up fairy lights around the sitting room as Will started up the fireplace.

‘Looks perfect,’ Will said. ‘I love it. *It’s beginning to look a lot like Christmas*!’ He sang out.

Hannibal thumped down on the sofa, pulling him down next to him. ‘Happy?’

‘Always.’ Will answered with a tender kiss.

Lady yapped at their feet, and Will picked her up, stroking her silky ears.

‘Shall we go for a walk?’ Hannibal said, running his fingers through Will’s hair. ‘The snowshoes are in the cupboard. We can take them for a slow walk around?’

‘And then hot chocolate in the hot tub,’ Will said, bumping his head gently.

‘Sounds grand.’

They got into their jackets, bundled up warmly. Putting on their snowshoes on the front porch, Hannibal gripped Will’s arm, chuckling as they stepped onto the freshly laid white powder on slightly wobbly legs.

Max and Lady also had on their coats and scampered around them as they set off.

It was an hour before dusk started to stripe the sky with pinks and yellows and they managed to walk through the white laden woods around the cabin, the dogs enjoying burrowing through the white heaps and dashing through it, spraying it in their wake.

It started to snow as they neared the cabin. The soft flakes gliding down, and Hannibal smiled at his gorgeous husband, the ends of his curls peeking out from beneath his hat, catching the falling flecks for a moment before melting away.

‘Shall we make a snowman?’ Will said.

‘Yes, of course.’

Hannibal gathered up snow and began to pad it out. Lady thought it was another game and kept nudging the cold mound. Max thought they were digging, so started to kick up a flurry all over Hannibal.

‘They’re helping you.’ Will laughed as he worked on a smaller round for the head.

‘Yes.’ Hannibal smiled, getting icy showers on his face. ‘Thank you,’ he said to Max and Lady, trying to lean out of the way.

The four of them completed the blank snowman, and Will looked at in satisfaction.

‘Do we have anything for the face?’

‘A carrot? And…’ Hannibal spotted a few black stones in the corner and scraped them off. ‘We can get some mittens and a scarf when we go to the market?’

Will nodded, plunging in two long sticks for arms on either side.

Max sent another snow shower, this time in Will's direction.

'Max,' Will said spitting out a mouthful. He threw a small stack at him, and Max looked almost amused.

'Snow fight!' Will declared and gathered up a small ball. He aimed it at Hannibal's chest. Max dove in a crest, flicking up his feet, sending wads of snow all over the place.

Lady looked stunned for a moment as a cold heap rained down on her.

'Lady,' Hannibal said. 'Come on, help me.' He quickly made a few snowballs and aimed them at Will, motioning Lady to kick some up at Max.

She cottoned on quickly, and soon the two dogs were leaping about scattering each other with snow as Will and Hannibal in helpless giggles, continued to pellet each other with their remaining ammo.

Will tugged Hannibal down, and they lay side by side, making snow angels.

'Now we're completely soaked,' Hannibal said, staring up at the white filled sky.

Will sat up grinning. 'Yup.' He stood and held out his hand, hoisting Hannibal up.

He lurched into Will's arms and gave him a cold, wintry kiss. Will shivered, and Hannibal hugged him, rubbing his back up and down. 'Come on, you two.' He looked pointedly at the dogs.

Will whistled for them to follow inside. They took off their outerwear and towelled off Lady and Max, before settling them in front of the fireplace. They were dozing off as Will went to switch on the hot tub.

Hannibal made hot chocolate and added extra marshmallows and melting mint chocolate kisses to Will's mug. It was glorious getting into the steamy warmth, with Will cuddling up beside him sipping their drinks.

Once they had dried off and dressed, Hannibal made a light dinner and went to call Will. He found all three sleeping on the sofa in front of the fire. Max laid over Will like a huge furry blanket, and he was so big, his front paws were on Will's shoulders, his hind legs by Will's feet. Lady curled up on the armrest.

'Cuccioli,' he said. He picked Lady up, and she yawned, pawing at him, her body floppy. He put her on the rug and then ruffled Max's back. 'Up. Good boy. Let daddy up.'

Max gave a begrudged look as Will snapped his jaw in a huge yawn.

'God, Max, off, I'm sweating.'

Hannibal chuckled as Max bounded off the sofa and stretched in front of the fire.

Will reached his arms out, and Hannibal bent low for a kiss. ‘Dinner, my love.’

‘Thank you.’

The next day they set off to the Christmas market. It looked beautiful and picturesque with the giant tree in the centre and all the vendors selling their ware under a canopy of string lights and holiday decorations, with Tony Bennett crooning ‘*Favorite Things.’*

‘*Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens, Brown paper packages tied up with strings. These are a few of my favorite things.’*

Will wanted a cuckoo clock for the sitting room, Hannibal bought fresh bread and jams, and they both chose accessories for the snowman.

Will’s eyes rested on a single red and golden bauble with fishes leaping across it which they got for the tree.

Passing the gingerbread house competition, they crunched hot, salted caramel nuts.

‘I bet you could win if you ever entered that,’ Will whispered to his husband.

‘Maybe next year we can enter it together. A team effort.’

Will beeped Hannibal’s nose. ‘But then you won’t win.’

‘Darling, I don’t care about winning. Anything we do together is prize enough for me.’

Will rolled his eyes affectionately but gave him a pleased smile. Hannibal pecked a kiss on his lips.

Drinking Christmas flavoured coffees, they wandered past Santa’s Grotto and towards the ice rink.

‘Glad we remembered to bring our skates,’ Will said.

‘Shall we go tomorrow?’

Will nodded. ‘And sledding on Wednesday?’

There was a large hill behind the cabin which sloped gently enough for a sled to go down, and the line of tree growth at the bottom would aid in cushioning a speeding duo.

Hand in hand, clutching bags, they made their way back to the cabin. Will said he would take the dogs out before they turned in for the night.

As soon as he returned, opening the door, Hannibal engulfed him in a sweeping kiss. Holding Will’s face with both hands, he kissed him for several moments, leaving a breathless husband.

‘Wow, how long was I gone?’

Hannibal chuckled as Will unleashed Max and Lady and they leapt about. Will shrugged off his jacket and went to hang it up, passing the sitting-room door. Hannibal came behind him, looping his hands around his waist, spinning him around for another kiss.

Will chortled. ‘What are you doing?’

‘Obeying the rules,’ Hannibal said against his mouth.

‘Rules?’ came Will’s muffled reply, and then his eyes caught sight of the door frame.

There was mistletoe hanging above.

He tilted his head and looked in the hallway.

‘Even the coat cupboard?’ He looked charmed.

‘It has a door frame,’ Hannibal said with a straight face.

‘It’s going to take us a long time moving through rooms Dr Lecter-Graham,’ he murmured, sliding his fingers through Hannibal’s hair.

‘That’s fine by me, Darling Lecter-Graham.’

Eventually, their make-out session led them back into the sitting room, where they tucked in close on the sofa with a choice of movies to watch on the DVD.

The next day they went skating—both good enough to stay upright and enjoy a few laps.

‘Rockin' around the Christmas tree, Have a happy holiday, Everyone dancin' merrily’, encouraging them from the speakers as they held hands, going a tiny bit faster.

‘Ooops.’ Will started wobbling, and Hannibal secured him firmly around the waist. Will gave a smile tipping his head up. ‘Kiss?’ he said, red-cheeked, blue eyes crinkled mischievously.

‘Oh, is that what you want?’ Hannibal fluttered a soft kiss, making Will scrunch his face in delight.

Holding hands again, they set off for another few rounds.

As they changed back into their shoes, the Lantern Parade started.

‘Want to join in?’ Hannibal asked. He gestured towards a woman selling lanterns in return for a charity donation.

‘Okay,’ Will said, and they bought one lantern with an LED tea light that changed colours. Will held it as they stood on the side watching the main parade go past. Lots of reindeer and impressive lit floats passed by. Small children with eyes aglow, oohing and ahhhing.

‘ It's the most wonderful time of the year, With the kids jingle belling.’

As the parade ended, the crowd with lanterns trailed behind and Hannibal and Will joined in, taking turns to hold their lantern.

A man with an art desk was on the side of the route, and Hannibal stopped off, asking to borrow a black marker. He stepped away from Will so he couldn't see what he was drawing on the lantern. A few minutes later he turned it around, and Will chuckled, looking tickled. It was a caricature of them wearing hats and scarfs, holding hands on one side and Max and Lady on the other two sides. A small scribbled, W heart H Xmas 99 in the corner.

'What do you think?'

'You're brilliant. I love.' Will kissed his cheek, his hand squeezing Hannibal's neck tenderly.

Their lantern got a few admiring glances as they carried it the rest of the way. When they got back, Will stuck it in a flowerpot by the tree.

The next day they went sledding, drenched from head to toe from falling off it so many times. Trundling back, they sank gratefully into the hot tub.

Thursday, they made a Christmas late lunch with all the trimmings American style. Will made delicious butter rolls while Hannibal added the finishing touches to the spinach and artichoke dip.

Max and Lady enjoyed their special meals sitting by the side, and they all had a snooze in front of the fire with full tummies.

Once the sun had gone down, they walked to the Christmas fairground that was just behind the market and skating rink.

Their first stop was the 'Dodgems', and they squished into one car. Hannibal's long legs about fitting as he folded in.

' Just hear those sleigh bells jingling, ring tingle tingling too (ring-a-ling-a ding-dong-ding!)'

Hannibal took the first go and was quite good except when he got them stuck in a corner and had to reverse multiple times. He finally managed to move back to the soundtrack of Will's laughter.

Will drove the second time and wasn't bad, weaving in and out but then incurred the wrath of a young girl adamant in bumping into them. She bumped them into a big huddle, and they locked into a huge car jam, their go ending surrounded by cars.

'She was doing that on purpose.' Will laughed.

'You were racing her, that's why.' Hannibal smiled. 'She had to eliminate the competition.'

'Brutal,' Will answered, steering Hannibal towards the Carousel. They sat on two horse's next to each other, occasionally leaning in for kisses.

‘ Deck the halls with boughs of holly, Fa la la la la, la la la la (fa la la la la, la la la la), 'Tis the season to be jolly.’

‘Let’s go on the Ferris Wheel,’ Will said tugging Hannibal into the line. Wrapped in a hug, they waited for their turn.

‘We should do this every year,’ Hannibal said, brushing their noses together.

‘Definitely. Thank you for our cabin,’ Will said. ‘It was the best idea ever.’

‘For you, my darling, anything.’ Hannibal said, feeling madly in love and unable to stop kissing his lovely husband.

They carefully climbed into the cart and were secured in. As the cart jolted and started to rise, Will slid his arms around Hannibal's waist; his beanie hat huddled in the crook of Hannibal’s neck.

The illuminated lights of the fairground twinkled around them as they climbed higher. The expanse of the Christmas market was clearly visible, the ice rink, the large tree glittering merrily.

The view was beautiful, and Will was watching everything with a tender smile. Hannibal acknowledging the view but had eyes only for Will. The most beautiful vision was in his arms.

‘ Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose.’

‘You know.’ Will looked reflective. ‘This would be perfect for a marriage proposal. It’s very romantic. I should have proposed to you in one of these.’

‘Your proposal was perfect because you asked me to marry you.’ Hannibal cradled Will’s face kissing him lightly. ‘What could be more romantic than that?’

Hannibal hugged him tightly, their lips melting together, lost in their closeness as the Ferris Wheel made its final round.

‘We’re like a bunch of teenagers making out everywhere.’ Will dotted kisses on Hannibal’s cheeks.

‘Scandalous. Still wanting to kiss one another after six years.’

‘Imagine.’ Will grinned.

Before leaving the fairground, they played a few games on the stalls. ‘Hook a Duck’, ‘Tin Can Alley’ and ‘Hoopla’. They managed to win prizes for each one, Will choosing little cartoon plushies.

Picking up candy floss on their way out, they ate the feathery sugary bundle. Will tearing off pieces and feeding them to Hannibal.

Friday, they had leftover sandwiches with stuffing and plum chutney and eggnog in front of the fire. The creamy, spicy drink as filling as a dessert.

Later, they took a walk with Max and Lady, and Will snagged his shoe, getting it stuck. Hannibal bent down to tug it free from Will's foot, when Will promptly put his foot down, sinking it into the snow.

Hannibal laughed. 'Why did you do that?'

'Sorry,' Will chuckled, holding onto Hannibal's shoulder. 'Don't know why.'

Hannibal kept him steady and took his wet sock off, tucking it into his pocket. He slipped Will's foot back into his boot.

'Get on my back,' he said. 'You can't walk barefoot in that. It will hurt.'

'You're going to carry me back?' Will said as Hannibal hunkered down.

'Yes. Get on.'

Casting an amused glance, Will climbed on, winding his arms around Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal held him securely under his knees on either side, Will's face pressed close against the side of his head.

A gentle kiss landed on his ear. 'I love you.' Will's breath was hot, warming Hannibal's face.

Max and Lady marched alongside as they walked beneath the snow-topped trees.

Will occasionally reached out to jiggle a branch causing snow to rustle down. Lady was fascinated by it all.

As they neared the cabin, Hannibal yelled out, 'race,' and Will tightened his hands around his shoulders, laughing as Max and Lady woofed excitedly joining in. Of course, the dogs won, their tails wagging happily.

Once inside, they got changed into their pyjamas, warm and cosy, relaxing on the sofa in each other's arms. Hannibal stared at the roaring fire with the dogs snoozing. He was very fond of their wooden love nest.

His little family.

Will tilted his face up, kissing Hannibal slowly. They were always affectionate and ravenous for one another; their appetite for intimacy voracious.

Will opened one eye as Hannibal nuzzled his neck. 'Max and Lady are looking at us.'

Hannibal chuckled. 'Time to take it to the bedroom then.'

The next day they made their way back to Stanford. They had already packed for the holidays so rested for a day before dropping Max and Lady to the doggy hotel and embarking the long plane journey to Lithuania.

They usually went to France to Hannibal's uncle's chateau, but as renovations to Castle Lecter were completed, Hannibal was keen to show Will his childhood home properly. He hoped to vanquish some of the cobwebs and trauma of his past and wanted to fill the corridors with lights and voices and laughter once again. It had been abandoned for too long, and he felt he owed it to his parents and Misha to come back and fill it with love once again.

Hannibal booked a first-class cabin as they travelled from San Francisco on a non-stop flight. He had also booked Will's father a first-class seat from Louisiana, and they would arrive approximately at the same time.

They were due to leave eight pm and land roughly fourteen hours later. Their luxurious private cabin had a small double bed, TV, and bathroom.

Making use of the complimentary pyjamas and slippers, they changed after dinner, snuggling down to watch a movie.

'Home Alone again?' Hannibal said.

They had both got into bed, and Will cuddled up against him, finishing off his Christmas mocktail. Hannibal kissed the top of Will's head and took a sip from the offered straw.

'We watched that two days ago,' Hannibal said, licking his lips.

'It's a classic,' Will replied, pecking him on the chin and slurped the rest of the drink.

'You must know the entire script by now. How many times have we seen this?'

Will shrugged. 'Like five?'

'And you on your own?'

'Ten at least.'

Hannibal turned slightly, setting the now empty glass down and dimming the lights. Will settled on him further.

'*Hang up the phone and make me, why don't ya?*' Will said at the same time as Kevin McCallister did on the screen. *'...I can't make them out of old ones, with dry worm guts stuck on them.*'

After the movie ended, Will lay a kiss on Hannibal's neck. Hannibal tilted his head back as Will's nose burrowed closer, his warm breath sparking goosebumps. A hand sliding underneath Hannibal's top.

'Shall we make use of "Do not Disturb"?' Will murmured.

‘We have to try and be quiet.’ Hannibal captured Will’s mouth in a dreamy kiss, cupping his face.

‘Challenge accepted,’ Will said with a wolfish grin.

Turning on a random movie for background buffering noise, they were reasonably quiet, muffling moans with kisses. Will making happy sounds from under the blankets.

Taking a very squashed shower together afterwards, they got back into pyjamas and slept wrapped in each other’s arms.

They awoke, seven am their time, getting dressed and breakfasting before landing three hours later.

Will’s father met them outside arrivals twenty minutes later looking well-rested.

‘Great flight, Hannibal. Thank you, son. I feel so spoiled sitting in first class.’

‘You’re very welcome.’ Hannibal smiled at his father-in-law. ‘And don’t trouble yourself, as I told you before, it’s a family account.’

The private driver was waiting patiently at the side, and Hannibal signalled they were ready to go.

The journey to the castle took over two hours. Will and his father avidly stared out of the windows as Hannibal pointed out various sights, although it was nearly midnight, and everything was covered with snow.

Hannibal hadn’t been back for a few years, but had discussed the renovations with his uncle, and helped oversee them from abroad. His uncle popped over now and again to check on the progress.

A month ago, Hannibal enlisted professional decorators to add Christmas cheer to the grounds and interior. As they approached the long drive soldiered by tall trees, Hannibal could see they had done an excellent job.

Lights bejewelled the trees and grounds, leading up the windy road towards the black iron-wrought gates. The groundsman was at the ready and opened the gates for the car to go in. Hannibal wound the window down, greeting him before they drove up to the castle.

Will’s mouth dropped as the neo-gothic fairy tale castle stretched out in front like a winter wonderland palace. It welcomed them with grey stoned arms, with smaller lit Christmas trees in regular intervals along the drive. Hannibal squeezed his hand, enjoying Will seeing his family home for the first time.

The clocktower lit up in blue, loomed over the grounds as the car stopped in front of the main entrance, which had a huge garland with a red bow and bauble’s hanging.

His father-in-law whistled. ‘Holy cow, Hannibal.’

‘Put your coats on,’ Hannibal said. ‘Even standing outside for a moment is enough to make you feel frozen.’

Will’s father shrugged on his coat and Hannibal looped a scarf around Will’s neck before he slipped back into his jacket.

Will placed his palm lovingly on Hannibal’s cheek.

‘It’s so beautiful,’ he said. ‘Are you okay?’ His voice was gentle.

Hannibal pressed their lips together. ‘Yes, darling. I’m okay. I’m very glad to be here with you.’

Will embraced him tightly, kissing his forehead, his nose and then lips again.

‘I love you.’

‘Thank you.’

They kissed again, and Hannibal could hear the commotion outside, as the family came out to greet them.

The car door opened by the temporary housekeeper and Hannibal clamped a hand on his shoulder, ‘merci.’

The cold wind was biting, their breaths misty and chilled.

The first person he saw was Chiyoh standing regally next to his aunt, wearing a faux fur hat and coat. Although she was a year younger than Will, she appeared older in how she carried herself and dressed.

Hannibal at once embraced her, pulling her to him and kissing her on the cheek. She was stiff at first like she always was and then relaxed, her face looking pleased as she hugged back.

‘Hannibal, welcome home,’ she said.

‘Dėdė,’ he said to his uncle Robertus and shook his hand. He was looking increasingly like Hannibal’s father the older he got. Handsome and sharp-featured.

‘Oba-san,’ he bowed to his aunt before taking her hand and kissing it lightly. Her black hair fell like a silk curtain down her back with a small grey fur headband keeping her ears warm. Her silver cape flapped majestically in the frosty breeze.

She drew him close and air-kissed both cheeks as she gripped his hand in a perfumed haze. She had kept her lithe dancers’ body and was always stylish and graceful. Chiyoh echoed similarities, holding herself, upright and often unyielding to those she didn’t warm to.

‘Howdy,’ Will’s father said, giving a jolly handshake to his uncle. They got along well, and it was nice that Will’s father felt so comfortable that he could be himself. He had been nervous the first time they had met.

Will and Chiyoh eyed each other playfully before Will gave her a quick, one-armed hug.

‘You’ve grown, Will.’

‘Taller than you, yeah,’ he snarked. They fought like siblings which greatly entertained Hannibal.

Will brushed a kiss on his aunt’s cheek, as she murmured, ‘yōkoso.’

She held his shoulders briefly in affection. Hannibal’s relationship with Will was a constant source of intrigue for his aunt. How had a young American teenage boy turned the head of Count Hanibalas Lekteris, European socialite and married him?

Hannibal could tell that she was certain he was holding back integral details of his and Will’s relationship. Her knowing gaze often falling on him silently, trying to parse it all together, though he knew she had become fond of Will over the years.

‘Bonne, la famille est tous ici ensemble,’ his uncle said warmly ushering them in.

Will’s eyes were wide as they stepped into the great hall, holding Hannibal’s hand. There were large holiday-themed floral arrangements on the tables, with opulent garlands woven through the double staircase and door frames.

Hannibal pointed out various family portraits, the largest one being of him and Misha with their parents. His father-in-law patted his back supportively.

Uncle Robertus showed Will’s father around, while Hannibal took his husband for a quick tour. He hadn’t seen the repairs in person and was curious to see how it all looked.

It was wonderful.

The castle had been updated and modernised including new lighting fixtures in the old parts, so it wasn’t dark and gloomy.

Will continued to stare open-mouthed as he tried to take everything in.

‘I’ll show you the rest of it tomorrow, caro.’ Hannibal said kissing the back of Will’s hand.

After bidding everyone goodnight, he led Will to their bedroom, his parent’s quarters updated. It now came with a large double bathroom separated into sections, two walk-in closets and dressing rooms, a large sitting room and a small kitchen and dining area. It was also set apart from the rest of the rooms, so they had a lot of privacy.

Deep tones of wood and blues with soft lighting and a vertical fireplace made the room look luxurious but cosy. There was a small Christmas tree in the corner and pre-lit garlands tastefully strung on the beams and headboard of the bed. Holiday accents subtly adding to the magic of Christmas.

‘This is amazing.’ Will looked around in wonder. He was still wide-eyed as he poked his head around the corners.

‘We should christen our new bedroom.’ Hannibal caught Will around the waist and tugged him close.

Will beamed as he spotted mistletoe hung from every doorframe.

‘We’ll never leave the room!’ He slid his hands into Hannibal’s hair, his lips sweet and warm as they kissed.

Hannibal purred words of what he would like to do to Will, and Will shivered. ‘Would you like that, mio angelo?’

Will gave a throaty groan. ‘Yes.’

Hannibal kissed his ear and whispered more sexy scenarios. Will tilted his neck back as Hannibal nosed down it. ‘Might have to take turns,’ he moaned.

Hannibal nibbled his ear, picking him up and walking to the bed. Lowering down, Hannibal covered him entirely, surrounding him as they kissed gently, savouring every touch.

‘Good thing we’re ten hours ahead. I’m not at all sleepy.’

Hannibal cackled. ‘Neither am I.’

The next morning, a loud knock rapped the door.

‘Hannibal,’ Chiyoh sang out. ‘Lève-toi et brille!’

Will sighed, picking up a pillow and burying his head underneath it.

Hannibal smiled. He always made Chiyoh crêpe suzettes on the first morning of the holidays.

‘Coming cuginetta. Fifteen minutes.’

He laid a soft kiss on Will’s back.

‘Does she know it’s our night-time? Now is the time to sleep.’ Will grumbled.

Hannibal chuckled. ‘Sleep, caro, I’ll wake you in two hours.’

Hannibal got up and had a quick shower, meeting Chiyoh in the kitchen.

‘Your anata not joining us?’ Chiyoh said as Hannibal got out the ingredients.

‘He’s still on Californian time. He needs a day.’

Although, Will rarely joined them, only wandering in at the end in search of coffee. He had told Hannibal that he knew Chiyoh preferred to keep up the tradition by breakfasting alone with him.

‘Do you two ever stop kissing?’ She asked, squeezing the juice out of the oranges. ‘How do you go the bathroom? How do you do anything without each other?’

Hannibal tilted his head with a smile.

‘I’m serious,’ she said.

Hannibal’s laugh rumbled in his chest. ‘We manage. Just about.’

They cooked together and sat on the breakfast counter eating and chatting about medical school. She wanted to become a surgeon and was prepared for the long years of studying ahead of her.

Once everyone had woken and breakfasted, a yawning husband included, Hannibal showed Will and his father-in-law the grounds with a walk through the pine forest.

During the day, the full castle and its grounds came into view, vast and blanketed in snow with the white peaked cliff faces in the background. Hannibal pointed out the rear of the castle and the stairs he used to race down when he was a child—ending the tour at the family cemetery.

Taking a moment to pay his respects to his parents and younger sister, he felt at peace standing there with his husband and father-in-law. Will held his hand, quietly giving him strength and asked if it was okay if he had five minutes alone to say hello to his in-laws.

Pressing a kiss on Will’s cold red cheek, Hannibal nodded and stepped away.

He couldn’t hear what Will was saying, but he had crouched down in front of the tombstones and was speaking.

He walked back to Hannibal slightly red-eyed, and Hannibal felt his heart lurch. To have Will empathise with him over the loss of his family touched Hannibal beyond words. He hugged Will tight, and Will peppered his face with light kisses.

Holding hands, they walked back to the house, as everyone joined them in search of the perfect tree. Chiyoh prowled around and gestured for Will to come and see the one she had her sights on. Will agreed and waved them all over.

‘That’s a lovely spruce,’ Will’s dad said. He and Uncle Robertus felled it, and it took four of them to carry it back to the castle.

In the afternoon, he and Will practised their piano duet they would play for the family the next day.

On Christmas Eve morning, they dressed the tree in the grand saloon with traditional Lithuanian decorations and brought down all the presents to be opened after dinner.

The florist came again to the castle just before midday with special wreaths for the family tombstones, and Hannibal, his uncle and Will went to lay them.

The caterers arrived an hour later, and Hannibal, Will and Chiyoh helped make the twelve-course meal for dinner. He enjoyed showing Will Lithuanian traditions, and he was keen to learn as was Chiyoh.

They had matching tuxedos to wear at dinner and Hannibal grinned when his husband came out of the dressing room holding his bow tie.

‘Come here, darling,’ Hannibal said, taking it from him.

He tied it deftly and gave it a little tweak. ‘Perfect. You look beautiful, my love.’

‘And you look like a European James Bond.’ Will eyed him appreciatively.

They went to the dining room where the family had gathered, all in evening wear. Chiyoh wearing a black fitted velvet gown low on the shoulders, her hair up as usual. His aunt in a long satin red dress which accentuated her slim frame. Will’s father was wearing the tux Hannibal had gifted him on their first Christmas together as a family and Uncle Robertus was wearing a suave black tux, again looking a lot like his brother.

They lit candles for their loved ones on the sideboard before sitting down. The room felt warm and cosy despite the size, with large rugs kerbing the draft from the stone floors. Damask wallpaper in turquoise complimented the long-polished oak table with luxuriously padded chairs underneath three crystal chandeliers. The Christmas table setting glowed with magical charm.

The meal took nearly three hours to finish, and they were all very full and merry by the end. ‘Linksmų šventų Kalėdų!’ Uncle Robertus said, and they all drank a toast.

Moving to the saloon, they sat around the tree and grand piano, Hannibal and Will taking a seat on the stool.

‘So,’ Hannibal said. ‘I would be lying if I said we chose this piece because it’s a traditional popular carol. It’s actually because it’s Will’s favourite carol from his favourite holiday film, Home Alone.’

Will grinned as he flexed his fingers and Chiyoh rolled her eyes. Will’s father chuckled.

Will could read basic music, but he had memorised the notes when Hannibal taught him the piece, and they both played *‘Carol of the Bells’* flawlessly together.

‘Brava,’ Uncle Robertus said when they finished. ‘Magnifique!’

Will kissed Hannibal’s hand, looking pleased and Hannibal played a few more carols and songs.

His aunt played a Japanese folk song on the *Taisho-goto*, a Japanese instrument similar to a guitar.

Then they sat around the tree to exchange gifts. Lots of shaking boxes and big smiles as everyone chattered and made thrilled noises. Will handed Hannibal his gift, looking a little nervous.

‘Hope you like them,’ he said.

‘I love them already.’ Hannibal kissed Will’s forehead. He unwrapped carefully, revealing two wooden boxes.

‘I made them,’ Will said quickly as Hannibal paused a moment.

They were polished beautifully, with precise borders grooved in with solid engraved letters ‘HLG’ on the top. He lifted the lids gently. One was for cufflinks and one for watches. Tracing the delicate hinges and links, he ran a finger over the lining.

‘You made… these?’ His eyes filled with tears, his voice breaking.

Will nodded.

‘When?’ he asked, looking at the beautiful craftsmanship.

‘In the summer, dad helped me.’

‘Will…’ He slid his hand around Will’s neck, his thumb stroking the soft skin behind his ear. ‘Mio tesoro. Thank you. So lovely. Must have taken you a long time. I thought you were building your boat.’

Will gave a relieved smile. ‘You realise that we didn’t finish the boat, right?’

‘I thought you were just taking your time.’ Hannibal’s lips quirked. ‘I will treasure them always.’

He leaned in for a kiss, Will’s fingers grazing his face gently. The softness making him tingle in delight as their mouths met. His hand slid around Will’s neck, feeling the pulsing beat, breathing him in. Will dipped his head, his eyelashes fluttering against Hannibal’s cheek.

‘I’ll show you later how much I really love them,’ Hannibal whispered, and Will ducked with a slight blush as Hannibal kissed the curls on top of his head.

Clearing his throat, he moved back and caught his aunt’s gaze. Her dark eyes unfathomable with her lips upturned.

‘Now,’ he said, searching for two small rectangle boxes. ‘This is for Will and Chiyoh.’ He passed them two identical parcels, and they both looked mystified, opening them simultaneously.

Looking puzzled, they held open their velvet boxes which had a small collection of gold keys.

‘Hannibal?’ Chiyoh frowned. ‘Keys to….’

He reached down the side of the tree pulling out two long envelopes, giving them one each.

Will opened it, pulling out the papers. His brows furrowed. ‘Hannibal, no…’

‘Hannibal!’ Chiyoh exclaimed, reading hers. ‘What… I can’t.’

‘Yes, you can. I want to.’

They had both just read the papers that made them joint owners of Lecter Castle. Will’s name appearing as Count Will Lekteris.

‘But it’s your birthright.’ Will sputtered.

‘And it will remain so, that doesn’t change,’ Hannibal replied. ‘But Chiyoh, I know how much you loved it here as a child, and I always want you to be able to call it home.’

He turned to his husband, taking his hands. ‘Will, everything I have is yours, darling. You owning it, me owning it is the same thing, but I wanted to make sure that your name is on the paperwork. Truly recognised. And you are my husband and hold the same title, which is a formality but—'

Chiyoh’s eyes shined with tears, and she rushed forward, pulling Hannibal into a fierce hug. ‘I’ll make sure it always stays beautiful,’ she said. She sniffed, leaning back.

Will planted a firm kiss on his lips. ‘You’re unbelievable, you know that?’ he said in a low voice, his expression humbled and serious.

‘I trust you with everything, my love. I am yours. All I am is yours.’

‘I’ll always take care of you,’ Will said, his beautiful young face looking grave.

‘You always do.’ Hannibal kissed him.

When the evening ended, they all left for their rooms. As Hannibal undressed, a mischievous Will sauntered out of his dressing room wearing a Santa hat.

‘Wanna unwrap another present?’ he said, winding his arms around Hannibal’s back.

‘Mmm, can’t wait,’ Hannibal’s dark eyes glittered with desire as Will pressed his body against him.

Hours later, as dawn broke, Will was snuggled in his arms. In the distance, birds cawed, and soft snow fell over the castle like powdered icing. Hannibal buried his face in Will’s soft, glossy curls, inhaling deeply. He adored holding Will in his arms. They always slept limbs entangled, never back to back away from each other.

Will tilted his face up, questing, as if he were searching for something in his sleep. Hannibal cupped his jaw, kissing him once, twice, like silk passing over skin, until he felt a smile on Will’s lips.

‘Merry Christmas, darling.’

‘Mmm,’ Will murmured, firing a round of kisses of Hannibal’s mouth. ‘Merry Christmas.’

He moved over onto Hannibal’s body, pushing him down onto the mattress.

They were both suddenly very awake.

Christmas morning, eleven am, Hannibal's hand was still gently wrapped around Will's neck, their lips still touching. Will's arm across Hannibal's chest, clutching his shoulder. The bedsheets tangled around their hips, and the seized fireplace still emitting warmth.

Christmas day was less formal, and they met for a late lunch with Japanese and Italian cuisine and went for a walk.

Hannibal trailed behind with his aunt whilst the others were up ahead.

'You hold him like he's a miracle and will disappear,' his aunt said shrewdly. Her soft, accented voice used words that were always precise and to the point.

Hannibal remained silent.

'I never imagined you would be like this. A married man. So affectionate.'

'Will is wonderful. He is a joy.'

'I see that. For you. You are always joyous when you are with him. As if lit from within. It suits you.'

With dinner, they had Japanese *wagashi* and *yōkan* and then settled in the drawing-room for board games.

Will wanted to play Monopoly, and they had bought an American version with Will's dad in mind. Chiyoh was vying for the reds, his aunt had the yellows, Hannibal had the greens, Will's father the pinks and his uncle, the dark blues. The stations were evenly distributed, and no one had landed on the utilities yet. However, Will was ruining them with his blues with houses.

Well into the game, Will ducked his head towards Hannibal. His voice low and conspiratorial. 'Hannibal?'

'Yes, darling?'

'Do you want to make a trade?' He whispered behind his hand.

Hannibal tried to keep a straight face. 'And what would I be trading my love?'

'Well, you have an orange, and I have a brown. We can swap and then we both have another set.'

'Is that right?' Hannibal said, biting his lip from keeping from laughing. Will and Chiyoh were very competitive when it came to Monopoly, using all sorts of tactics at their disposal.

'Hannibal, no!' Came Chiyoh's indignant voice. 'He already has the blue set! Don't let him make an orange one too!'

‘Will,’ Uncle Robertus said, tutting. ‘You’re so manipulative.’

‘Me?’ Will’s blue eyes widened. ‘No!’ He shook his head, sounding wounded and pained. His face looking injured at such accusations.

Will’s father smirked and turned to Uncle Robertus. ‘They shouldn’t be allowed to sit together.’

‘Yes, exactement,’ his uncle said. ‘Next year, you two will be sitting separately.’

‘Dėdė,’ Hannibal said. ‘Non, Will and I will always sit together. My darling isn’t manipulative, are you love?’ He said, chuckling, as he squeezed Will’s neck gently and ruffled his hair.

Will tried to hide his grin, shaking his head. Hannibal stroked his cheek, indulging him with a teasing smile.

‘Nom de dieu,’ Chiyoh exclaimed as Hannibal handed Will an orange card for his brown.

Will preened, batting his lashes, giving her a smug pleased look, she snorted in return, narrowing her eyes, making a face.

Will’s father looked amused, and his aunt was hiding a smile looking on quietly.

An hour and half later, Will won. Chiyoh and his uncle watching displeased, as Will hammed it up for the winning photo.

After a short game of Charades, they drank hot sake in front of the roaring fire, exchanging stories about their year.

Hannibal’s fingers playing with Will’s hair at the back of his neck. The feel of the soft, silky curls comforting.

Over the next week, Hannibal and his uncle interviewed a farm manager and estate manager. They had hired staff for the holidays, but now that the castle was renovated, Hannibal wanted the grounds used for farming and the stables to have horses again and used for lessons for the public. The main castle would remain closed and only open when the family visited, but it was important to maintain the grounds throughout the year.

They spent another day sightseeing, and Hannibal relished seeing everything through Will’s eyes.

Over tea one afternoon, he and Will were sitting with his aunt, and she mentioned his gruelling training schedule when Hannibal used to do gymnastics and ballet.

‘I taught him katana sword fighting to build his stamina.’

Will looked impressed. ‘Do you think you could still do it?’

Hannibal shrugged. ‘I don’t know.’

‘Could you show me?’ Will asked, looking fascinated. He had never seen Hannibal that way.

‘We could try,’ his aunt said.

‘Okay.’ Hannibal nodded. ‘We can meet in the red room, as there’s hardly any furniture in there.’

Hannibal threw on a vest top and sweatpants and met his aunt an hour later. She was dressed in black leggings and a leotard. Her long hair tied in a low ponytail.

‘Let's see what you remember, Hannibal,’ she said, throwing him a long stick.

She took her stance as Will sat on the side cross-legged. She twirled the stick in her hand as Hannibal whipped it back and forth, flexing his wrists. It had been a long time, but his instincts were still good.

They both bowed and readied, sticks drawn back. Then she came at him, graceful as a dancer, fierce as a warrior, her hair flying behind her. Hannibal on reflex blocked her moves, the sound of their sticks colliding.

She smiled at him and clearly enjoying herself as she whirled around and aimed for his waist, which he blocked again.

They sparred for a few more minutes, breaking into a soft sheen of sweat as they moved back and forth. The clash of sticks by each other’s neck ended the demo. Breathing heavily, they stepped back and bowed.

Will clapped. ‘That was amazing! Do you remember any of your ballet moves?’

‘Possibly.’

‘We could show a bit of your exam routine if you still remember it?’ She raised her brows.

‘You’ll have to guide me.’

She went to the cd player on the corner and selected a piece, Tchaikovsky’s Nutcracker.

Hannibal shook out, warming his feet as he flexed his ankles. She stood in front of him in first position, and he held her waist lightly. She rose on one leg and twirled, the other leg bent. Her arm arching out, she stretched her leg up, and he could feel her readying for a lift which he did on instinct.

Then they moved across the room in a full waltz, arms open and closed, his legs moving through the positions and moving on rotations, stepping up and down, brushing his foot on the floor, copying her moves, supporting her. The music lifting them as they glided together.

Ending in a low dip and holding it for a moment before they stood back up.

Will looked gobsmacked. ‘I can’t believe you can do that.’

‘I used to do that,’ Hannibal said, wiping his face on a towel.

‘I’m surprised you remember it so well,’ his aunt said, taking a sip of water.

Hannibal laughed. ‘You made me do it countless times. I was doing the routine in my sleep.’

She stood on her toes and kissed his cheek, nodding towards Will before leaving the room.

‘That was so hot!’ Will said, rushing forward, flinging his arms around his neck, kissing him. ‘Is there anything you’re not good at?’

‘Plenty,’ Hannibal replied.

Will smoothed his sweaty hair off his face, gliding a finger down his cheek. ‘Do you miss… all this?’ He asked. ‘This whole lifestyle. It’s so different to what we have at home.’

Hannibal caught his hand, kissing his palm. ‘No, not at all. That was then.’ He looked at Will’s bright blue eyes and sweet little face. ‘You are my now, and all my future now’s,’ he said, being completely honest.

He didn’t miss his old life at all.

For New Year’s Eve, welcoming the year 2000, they decided to have a large party, inviting the old family and friends still nearby and all the workers' families.

They had a heated banqueting marquee on the grounds adorned with feasts of glittering gold and baubles and bows galore. The seasonal transformation of the castle had certainly turned it into a festive winter wonderland.

Everyone looked elegant with men in suits and women in gowns.

The evening started with canapes and drinks, moving onto a sit-down dinner, and then dancing.

Classical music for slow waltzes to ease into before the DJ cranked up pop music as it approached midnight.

Will looking flushed, with his tie off and top few buttons undone. He and Chiyoh had danced up a storm to *‘Will Smith’s Will 2K’* and breathless, Will stood by Hannibal’s chair, gulping down water.

‘Having fun, Count Lecter?’ Hannibal smiled up at him, catching his hand, stroking his thumb over his wrist.

‘Yes, Count Lecter.’

He looked adorably tousled, and Hannibal pulled him onto his lap.

‘Hannibal!’ Will grinned, looking around. ‘Your whole family is here and all the people.’

Hannibal kissed his cheek as he stroked Will's legs and curled an arm around his waist.

'And?' He didn't care in the least if everyone saw how enamoured and completely in love he was with his husband.

Will gripped his shoulders, kissing him lightly. He tasted of champagne and strawberries.

Minutes before midnight, they opened the side of the marquee and donned on coats and shawls.

Will slipped his arm around Hannibal, his father standing on the other side.

'10, 9, 8, 7….' They counted down, and the clock struck 12.

Dong.

'Happy New Year,' everyone yelled out. A cacophony of party blowers and poppers exploded.

'Laimingų Naujųjų metų,' Uncle Robertus yelled out.

Everyone linked hands and sang 'Auld Lang Syne' before the fireworks started.

Scarlet waterfalls and glittering silver showers erupting in big bangs. Coils and jets, whizzing and zooming in a rainbow of colours. Everyone's faces lit up, sparkling, glowing, and dazzling.

Hannibal pulled Will close, kissing him soundly before taking his hand and kissing his knuckles several times.

'Happy new year, my darling. And to all our new years and happily ever after's. Forever. Together.'

'I love you,' Will whispered. His palm was warm against Hannibal's cheek, their foreheads pressed together. 'Happy?'

'Always,' Hannibal replied. 'Anywhere with you. Always.'

End Notes

I thought it would be super cute to show Hannibal's family as I haven't had a chance to write them before. It was really fun.
I hope you enjoyed the fluff fest (without any angst at all. See? See?). I was *trying* to keep it short but alas :o)

Happy Holidays to you all.

Thank you, thank you. x

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!